



The Guardian Chronicles-Hunter



13 0 1

Chapter 1 by Jonah Olafson

Prelude- Journal Entry 1

My name is Jonah. I don't know my last name, I've never needed one before. I'm writing this from memory so please excuse me if some details aren't exactly clear. I'm not quite sure where to start, so it might as well be at the beginning.

In the mountains of our planet's northern hemisphere there was a little town that had sprung up out of sheer tenacity. Its inhabitants clung to the rocky sides of the mountain insisting that this was the best spot. Now It may sound like I'm making the residents of Pine Ridge out to be fools, but I assure you they were not stupid. Hard headed and stubborn as mules, but not stupid. The cliffs around them ensured safety from any and all invaders. Of course it helps when everyone in the town owns at least one weapon.

That's besides the point though. This story starts when a lone person approached the town. Naturally the whole town turned out with weapons drawn. Mostly the popular model of hand cannon, a modified version of the Duke Mk., but there were a few shotguns here or there. The man walked straight toward the line of would be defenders.

"I'm a hunter from the speaker, step aside please" He said. The tone brooked no argument and the people of Pine Ridge moved to let him through. He walked through the town seeming to examine the building foundations, at the time I remember asking one of my elders why he had done so, after he had finished his examination he made his way to the mayor's house to request lodging. That was the last I saw of him that night. Now I almost wish that had been the last time I

ever saw him.

I had been watching him as he walked. The day I followed him the whole way back to his room. When he returned he walked to his bed and looked directly at me. "Why have you been following me?" he asked. I was a bit nervous, but it wasn't hard or angry sounding. To me it sounded like curiosity.

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"I-I" I had stammered "I wanted to know why you were looking at our houses weirdly."

The hunter chuckled loudly. "I wasn't looking at them weirdly. I was scanning them with this."

The hunter tapped the Visor of his helmet. "You see, this Visor is programmed to allow me to see hidden weapons through almost anything."

Again I had stared up at this stranger, in my eyes he was a demi-god. Without fault or blemish. After seeing my wide eyed expression he placed his hands on the helmet, near where his cheek bones would be. He slowly lifted it off and held it at his hip. Looking into his face I realized with a start that the "man" I had been following was an Exo, a robot given consciousness.

"My name is Xeno-3." Without the helmet to filter his voice the sound had an obviously robotic ring to it.

"I'm Jonah" my small voice answered, but I had moved my line of sight from his metallic features to the weapon on his back. It was the most beautiful rifle I had ever seen. It was also the only Scout rifle I had ever seen but that is beside the point. It looked well cared for, the colors vibrant and unscathed. The only indication of use was the very end of the barrel. It was blackened from years of firing round after round of ammunition.

"Hello there" Another voice, also robotic, called from behind me. There was a small floating...well shape, there.

"H-hello" I responded to the machine nervously.

"That's a ghost son." The Exo told me "A living part of the travelers light."

Being as young as I was I hadn't understood the significance that the traveler and this ghost held, but that would definitely change.

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